TRIFLES

FOR

CHILDREN.

PART II.

Think nought a Trifle
Though it small appear.

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TRIFLES FOR CHILDREN.

Confidence in Providence.

A Poor man dwelt in a cave, near the ſummit of a lofty mountain, from which he had a proſpect of a large extent, both by land and ſea. One day, about ſun-ſet, he ſat viewing with pleaſure, the objects that lay before him. The earth was covered with the brighteſt verdure; the trees

were loaded with the richeſt bloſſoms; the tenants of the groves chanted forth their ſweeteſt lays beneath the branches; the lambs ſported in the meads; the peaſant whiſtled as he drove his team; and the ſhips on the ſea, wafted along by the gentle gale, were ſailing towards their harbours. Spring had given life to the whole ſcene, and joy ſeemed to pervade every human breaſt.

On a ſudden, a dreadful ſtorm aroſe; the winds gave

vent to all their fury; and many trees of oak lay ſtretched on the ground. The ſky became dark; hail and rain poured down in torrents; and lightning and thunder added horror to the gloom. The ſea, now riſing in mountains, hove aloft the largeſt veſſels, while the uproar of its waves drowned the cries of the wretched ſailors.

The people who lived in the country around, ran in great crowds to our hermit's cave,

thinking that he was able to protect them in their diſtreſs, becauſe he lived a life of abſtinence, and prayed often.—"My friends, ſaid he, "be not afraid: dreadful to me, as to you, would have been this war of nature; but I have viewed with care the works of God, and I am under no fear, becauſe I am certain that his goodneſs is equal to his power."

TO go over a five barred gate is, by ſome perſons, eſteemed as nothing;—but to keep in the ſaddle ſafe, and be quite at eaſe when on the other ſide, is moſt to be deſired;—yes, that is the utmoſt the beſt of horſemen can expect; and for a little boy to attempt to

ſit a horſe when taking ſuch a leap, he might be in danger of breaking his head, his ribs, or his limbs.

For my part, as an author, though, perhaps, too much given to ſoar above my capacity, rather than leap over a five-barred gate, I would prefer being driven in a wheelbarrow, or carried on the back of ſome patient aſs, or ſteady poney; but, above either, I prefer being peaceably mounted on a joint ſtool, and driving a well-dreſſed quill, though in a garret.

Covet all, loſe all.

Trim was a good dog in a tanner's yard, but rather greedy, in wanting more when he had enough. One day as he croſſed a tanpit, in his maſter's yard, with ſome meat in his mouth, the ſun ſhone, and Trim thinking the ſhadow of the meat was another piece, could not forbear catching at it; thus he loſt the meat out of his own mouth, and while ſtaring to find the ſubſtance, even the ſhadow diſappeared.

Grinding a Knife.

Round goes the wheel, but faſter goes the ſtone on which the edge of ſteel or iron tools are ground. With great ſurpriſe the little boy views the fiery ſparks which fly from off the ſtone; not leſs amazed or pleaſed were the natives of O-

taheite or Owhyhee, when firſt they ſaw the keen-cutting axe, the uſeful chiſel, the ſmoothing plane, or piercing gimblet.

When the razor, now upon the ſtone, ſhall be completely ſharp, then grind the penknife for the little boy, who longs to have it made ſo keen, that he may cleanly cut a quill into a pen. Detain him not, leſt, by delay, he ſhould provoke the anger of his teacher.

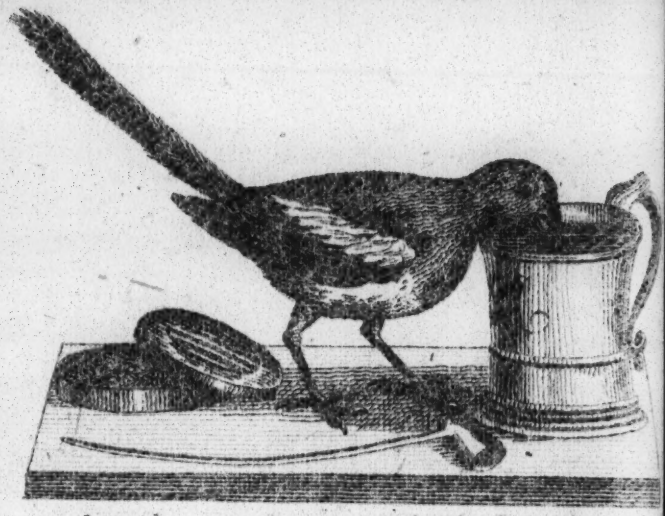
Pleasant Riding.

Theſe children appear to ride very quietly. Dogs are capable of drawing a great weight, and two of them may travel ſeveral miles in a day with a child or two in a chaiſe. In Newfoundland dogs are uſed for drawing wood from the foreſts to the houſes.

This is good exercise, and we know no reason why girls should not use it, in moderation, as well as boys; for, when they have been working with a needle for some time in cold weather, the exercise will tend much to promote their health.

At a ſmall village, north of London, ſome rude boys went into the fields to ſeek for birds' neſts; paſſing by a large pond, one of them ſaw a moorhen's neſt, with the bird ſitting upon the eggs; it was cloſe to the edge of the bank, and over the water: as they drew near, the bird left her neſt, and diving into the pond, eſcaped. The boys ſtrove to get at the eggs, but the branches on which they trod gave way, ſo that one or two ſlipped into the water, and they called out for help, whilſt holding by the boughs, with their

legs in the mud: their companions on the bank were ſo frightened, as not to be able to help them; but a poor man, at work hard by, came, and helped them out. He told them, it was better for little boys to fly kites and ſpin tops, or play at marbles, than to rob little birds of their eggs; and, ſaid he, if I had not been near, you might have ſunk ſo deep, as not to have got out again. Not long ſince, a boy got up into a tree to take a crow's neſt, when his foot ſlipped, and he fell down and broke his thigh.



In the abſence of his maſter, Mag is ſtriving to get the toaſt out of the beer. It is to be hoped that his beak is clean, or his maſter may be angry at his intruſion;—his actions remind us of a ſhort poem.

The Magpie, hopping, chatters on,
About the maids, and footman John,
He liſtens, while they tell a tale,
And loves a toaſt ſoak'd with good ale:

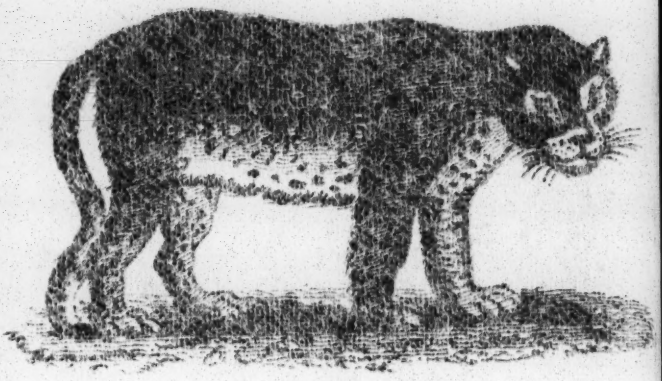
Sometimes he hides the old cook's
ladle,
And her ſnuff-box under the table.

Of the Oyſter, Mice, and Lobſter.

Three mice ſtrove to ſeize an oyſter, when the ſhell was open; but it cloſed and held their fore legs and noſes ſo tight, as to kill them. An author* of veracity aſſerts, that as he was fiſhing, a lobſter attacked an oyſter ſeveral times, but when the lobſter approached, the oyſter ſhut its ſhell; however, at laſt, the lobſter thruſt a ſtone between the gaping ſhells, and then eaſily ate up the oyſter.

* Borlaſe's Hiſt. of Cornwall.

The Panther.



The panther is ſomething leſs than the tiger, its hair is ſhort, the ſkin ſmooth and finely marked with ſpots of ſeveral dark colours. It is of the cat family, and in India they have been ſo tamed and inſtructed, as to be uſeful in hunting of deer, hares, and foxes.

To ſlide or ſkate on the ice is good exerciſe, but we ſhould take care that the ice is capable of bearing well; for ſome people, even old and young, have loſt their lives by going on the ice too ſoon, or too near that part which has not been frozen over. Little boys ſhould

not trip up their playmates: a fall on the ice may bruiſe or break a limb. In the year 1786 the froſt was ſo ſevere, that the river Thames was frozen over, ſo that a great traffic was held thereon; printing preſſes were erected; tents and booths in abundance were pitched; fires were kindled, and proviſions dreſſed for ſuch as choſe to buy and eat. At Hampton-court, a loaded dray was driven over the Thames on the ice, without receiving any injury.

How cheerfully the milkmaid trips along the plain, and brings home the pail containing ſweet new milk. Cows' milk is pleaſant drink for children; and it makes nice puddings, cuſtards, butter, and cheeſe. Calves, pigs, dogs, cats, and even rats, love milk, when they can get at it. What a uſeful animal the cow is; her fleſh is eaten, and we call it beef; her ſkin is tanned, and we call it leather; her horns are uſed for combs, toys, and drinking cups; her bones make apple ſcoops,

or ſpoons, or cups, or balls, or toys, with knives or forks, for little children; her fat is melted into tallow, which makes candles that light us in the dark; and the horn, cut thin, is uſed to keep wind and rain from putting out the light; and many years ago it was

placed over little alphabets, to keep them clean: but now, I hope, each little child will have its hands washed clean, that the horn may not be needed; for who would be at the trouble of reading through a piece of horn, when they can read better without it.

Some say the black cows, some say the red, give the best milk, but that the white yield most. In the cold hilly parts of Wales and Scotland, the cows are much less than those in England.

The oppreſsed Horse.

See the dog ſtands ~~yelping~~ on the bank, he does not like to venture into the brook.

Have mercy, man, upon the loaded beaſt. This animal, old and poor, ſeems to be nearly paſt the time of being able to labour. Spare the ſtick, and ceaſe to beat. Treat him kind-

Get down and walk.

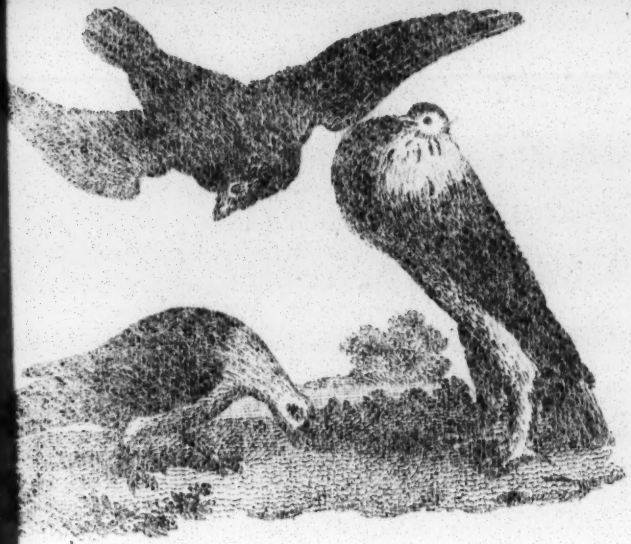
ly, and feed him well. There may be ſome excuſe for riding through a brook when a horſe is loaded; but when the road is good, and the horſe appears to have a burden equal to his ſtrength, the thinking man would get down and walk. Two ſacks of corn is load enough.

A Wish.

From all the buſy ſcenes of life,
The noiſe of war! the ſenate's ſtrife;
The empty ſounds of riſing fame,
And heroes bleeding for a name,
Grant me, O POW'R SUPREME, a place,
Where all theſe jarring tumults ceaſe,
Have juſt enough, to bear me o'er
The ſtage of life; nor rich, nor poor,
But bleſt amidſt ſome rural ſcenes,
Of purling ſtreams, and flow'ry greens,
Enraptur'd rove—and there enjoy,
What man can't give, nor man deſtroy.

The Tribute.

Poor is the beſt that man can pay
That Pow'r, that guards him ev'ry day;
Yet if his beſt, tho' e'er ſo poor,
Heav'n takes the mite—and aſks no more!



Here are three pigeons, which were formerly uſed as a ſign by haberdaſhers, mercers, and drapers, but for what reaſon we never were told. We think that pigeons are good examples for children, as we never heard of their ever fighting one another, or calling ill names. The pigeon lays only two eggs at a time, one of

which producing a male, the other a female, (though this rule does not always hold), has caused a proverbial answer to enquirers, when there are only a boy and girl in the family, "We have a pigeon's pair."

The young pigeons, when they are hatched, require no food for three or four days; but the mother keeps them warm all that time, leaving them for a very little time to eat her food. After this they are fed for eight or ten days with half-digested aliment, out of the crops of the old ones; and in a few days they give them more solid food.

Of the Greenlanders.

Their country being moſtly covered with ſnow, it is very cold in winter; but in ſummer it is ſaid to be very warm; during which time the ſun does not ſet, but at midnight it reſembles only a very bright moon: in winter their nights are equally long, yet they enjoy a moderate twilight, as in the ſhorteſt days. Sometimes the moon never ſets, which, with the ſtars and ſnow, gives ſuch a light that people can do very well out of doors without a lantern, and ſee plainly to read print of a middle ſize.—Bears and ſeals abound moſt

in Greenland, and catching ſeals is the great end of Greenland education, to which the children are early trained.—The fleſh of the ſeal, or reindeer, is their moſt delicate and ſubſtantial food; the fat ſupplying their lamps and fires with oil, and by bartering their ſkins, furniſhes them with all the neceſſaries of life.

Quite Loaded!

Take care, poor man, and ſtep with caution; for a trip may cauſe the downfal of all the family, wet their clothes, and ſpoil the proviſion in the baſket. Having ſuch a load to carry, we think two journeys would have been better than one. Yet he might be fearful of leaving either the child or the muffins.

From the multitude of canals in this country, the Dutch are, either from utility or pleaſure, become the moſt expert ſkaters in Europe. Some of them have been known to ſkate 15 miles in an hour. They have contrived boats with ſails, fixed on ſkates or ſledges, to glide along the ice, and ſome of them are drawn by horſes; but ſcarce a year paſſes in which ſome accident does not happen from theſe amuſements.

The houſes in Holland are kept uncommonly clean, and the furniture bright beyond imagination. The poſts and railings

to their incloſures, the gates to their fields, and the poſts in the paſtures, againſt which the cows rub themſelves, as alſo the trunks of the trees, are painted all over. The ſtreets too are paved with brick, and very carefully kept clean. Men and women carry goods to market on their heads, ſkating many miles in a day.

A True Story.

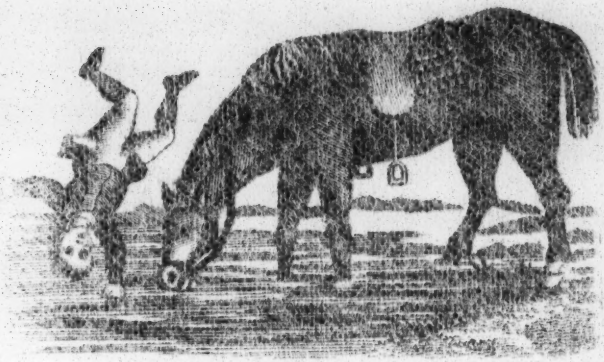
A little boy, in paſſing over ſome fields, ſaw a Robin on her neſt; as he drew near, ſhe flew off; but having young ones, with many cries expreſſed her concern for them; he ſtood and threw ſtones at her, till one ſtriking her, ſhe fell down dead. At firſt he was pleaſed, but in a few minutes was ſeized with horror, at having, in a ſportive way, killed an innocent creature, while ſhe was careful of her young; and thinking that they would periſh for want of their dam, he went up to the tree and killed all the young birds,

supposing that better than leave them to die miserably. He then went on his errand, but was much troubled, thinking he had fulfilled the proverb, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel:" for several hours he could think of little else than the cruelties he had committed.

Thus He, whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise kindness towards every living creature.

The horſe and the rider ſeem both ready harneſſed, let us hope they may return home unhurt. A horſe is a very noble and uſeful creature, and managed better by gentle uſage than violence. Every rider ſhould uſe his ſpurs very ſparingly; but we would recommend little boys never to

There he goes!



put them on their feet; and if the horſe ſhould go to drink in a pond, or paſs through a brook, he ſhould looſen the bridle-rein, and be upon his guard, for ſome horſes thruſt their heads ſo very ſuddenly down, as to throw the rider into the water.

A Caution.

Never play with fire, children: for I have heard of a little boy who would be very often trying to light a piece of paper, or wood, at the fire; at laſt, one long piece of paper, which he had ſet fire to, blazed ſo high as to catch his pincloth, and that ſet fire to his frock. His cries alarmed his mother, who came in time to ſave his life, but not till he was burnt very ſeverely, and for many days ſuffered great pain. So never play with fire.

Little boys and girls are quite miſtaken, if they think it a kindneſs ſhewn to chickens to put them in their boſoms, and to cram their little ſtomachs with bread and butter, or gingerbread. Chickens are better nurſed by their parent hen, than by any children, however kind.

The Miſtake corrected.

As a man in a red coat walked along the ſtreet, a rude boy called him a lobſter. "Why did he call him that name?" ſaid little Ann: "Becauſe," ſaid her brother, "he wears a red coat, and all lobſters are *red*." "That's a miſtake," ſaid Ann, for I ſaw a lobſter one day all *black*, and I was told not to touch it, leſt it ſhould bite me." "Ha, ha, ha," ſaid her brother, "how can a lobſter bite? it has a very ſmall mouth, and I never ſaw a black lobſter; ha, ha, ha, a black

lobſter?" "Do not laugh at me, brother," ſaid Ann, "for all lobſters are black when living, yet when boiled they are red, and if they have but ſmall mouths, they can bite very hard with their claws; I have heard of their biting off a man's finger."

"Excuſe me, ſiſter, for jeſting," ſaid Tom, "I am wiſer than I was, and hope to profit by inſtruction."

The report about the porcupine having power to dart out its quills, ſo as to injure man and beaſt, is not true; No doubt the quills defend it when attacked by dogs or other animals, and when enraged, it has been known to ſhake itſelf ſo violently, as to cauſe at times a looſe quill or two to fly off ſeveral feet. But

it is perfectly harmleſs.——

"When the porcupine is hunted or purſued by any other animal, it never attempts to fight or defend itſelf, but climbs up the firſt tree it can reach, where it remains till the patience of its adverſary is exhauſted; if it cannot reach a tree, and is hard preſſed, it lies down on one ſide, and preſenting its quills to the enemy, in that ſituation it finds a ſecurity. The porcupine ſleeps during the day, and feeds only by night. It has a voracious ap-

petite, although it ſupports hunger for a conſiderable time without any apparent inconvenience.

In a curious work, now publiſhing, entitled a CABINET OF QUADRUPEDS, are the following words:

"The late Dr. Aſhton Leyer uſed to keep a live porcupine, which he frequently turned out on the graſs behind the houſe, to play with a tame hunting leopard and a large

Newfoundland dog. As ſoon as they were let looſe, the leopard and dog began to purſue the porcupine, who at firſt endeavoured to eſcape by flight; but finding that ineffectual, he thruſt his noſe into ſome corner, making a ſnorting noiſe, and erected his ſpines, with which his purſuers pricked their noſes, till they quarrelled between themſelves, and gave him an opportunity to make his eſcape; we have frequently been eye-witneſs to this diverting ſcene.

END OF PART II.

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